

Simple and Clean

by cornwallace

Category: Kingdom Hearts  
Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance  
Language: English  
Characters: King Mickey, Riku  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2016-04-08 11:04:24  
Updated: 2016-04-08 11:04:24  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:53:36  
Rating: M  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 1,310  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: It's hard to let this go...

Simple and Clean

\_This story is dedicated to Respite Finem.\_  
><em>I am but a vessel. Blame her.<em>

\* \* \*

><p>Riku opens his groggy eyes to a familiar ceiling â€" a ceiling that's meant a lot to him for a long time.<p>

The sound of the Tv flipping through channels. It finally settles on an old sitcom, probably something from the 70's or 80's.

He looks down at his boyfriend, sitting at the edge of the bed, kicking his feet gleefully and giggling like a little boy.

Smiling a wily smiley to himself, he curls himself quietly up into a ball before marching on his knees and elbows towards his boyfriend like a soldier face-down in the muck like a soldier in Viet-Nam.

He catches him before the attack - "Haha, Riku, what are you doing?"

"Me?" Riku laughs, "Nothing, I'm not doing anything at all!"

Mickey shifts his body towards Riku, crossing his bare legs underneath himself and placing his hands on his hips.

"You sure you doin' nothin'? Haha."

"Nothin' at all," Riku says, playing it off like he's cool, totally ripping off Mickey's stance with his ankles underneath his shinbones. He totally isn't cool, and Mickey knows he isn't cool."

"Doesn't look like you're doin' nothin'!"

"I was doing nothing," he laughs, "I swear!"

"I dunno that I believe you, haha," Mickey says, creeping up Riku's body and kissing his bellybutton.

Riku giggles and playfully pushes him away. "You don't know me!"

"I don't, do I? Haha." Mickey smiles a smug grin. "I, uh, I think I know you pretty good!"

"Not me!"

"Haha!" Mickey reshifts his way onto his hands and knees, scooting his way towards Riku. "Yeah, you!"

"N-not me!" his voice quiets gradually as Mickey crawls up his cut chest. "I'd never. Haha," Riku laughs nervously. Mickey unbuttons Riku's bedtime trousers and pulls them down his lithe legs. Bottom lip curling under his tongue to a nice pucker, he gingerly plants a wet kiss onto the tip of Riku's penis before embracing his girth into his warm mouth like velvet and into the back of his throat. He gags softly before resurfacing.

"Haha," Mickey laughs as he pulls back, blushing and leaning forward to kiss him.

Mickey's mouth opens slightly to accept Riku's invading tongue.

"MMmm" Riku grunts into his open mouth, tasting himself in the warmth of the mouse's mouth. He tasted like ginger or something, he thought to himself.

"MmMMm!" Mickey moans. "Hrhrh!"

They break the kiss hard like Hulk Hogan's muscles in 1992 and stare passionately into one another's eyes.

"What are you thinking about?"

"What are YOU thinking about? Haha."

"Sticking my nine inch cock up your mousehole."

"Haha, don't you mean six?"

"Fuck you," Riku says, playfully shoving Mickey on his back.

Mickey whines and kicks in his general direction. "You'd better!"

"Show me..." Riku says, leaning forward lustfully, whispering harshly into his ear, tongue flicking against it softly and briefly like butterfly kisses as he sucks liberally on his finger and reaches down the back of Mickey's bright red short pants "... the secret of the keyhole..."

"Haha!" Mickey moans loudly into the side of Riku's face. He playfully bites his cheek as Riku's finger, wet with spit, teases the entrance of his quivering buttohole. "Oh boy!"

Riku's hand caresses its way down Mickey's side to his waistband, index finger casually catching it and digging around to the button. Undoing his bright red short pants gingerly, Riku licks the fur on top of Mickey's head and discards his trousers next to him on the bed.

"Slow yer roll there, cowboy, haha," Mickey says through rosy cheeks before reaching over to his discarded trousers and pulling a purple condom wrapper out of the back pocket and shyly pushing it to his chest between two fingers. "Nobody rides this mouse without some rubber. Haha."

Riku bites his lip as he leans in, closing his eyes and kissing him deeply, sighing happily. He feels lighter.

Lighter as if sighing out his whole heart into the body of a cartoon mouse and becoming one with him - forever.

Riku tears back the top of the condom wrapper with his teeth and discards it in the tin wastebasket covered in hearts next to Mickey's nightstand. He gingerly places what he hopes is the outside tip of the condom on the tip of his penis - pinching off the reservoir with his right hand, making a duckhead, and using his free hand to roll the lubricated and ribbed prophylactic down his throbbing, pulsating member.

He applies some SlipperyMax liberally to his armored manhood as he presses his head firmly against the supple mouse's tight, alluring mousehole. He takes his time entering him, his soft, high pitched moans filling his ears. Mickey bites his lip as his sphincter graciously accepts Riku's bulging mushroom shaped head and closes around the bottom of it.

"You like it don't you slut," Riku says in a weird attempt to prove his masculinity.

"Shut up and fuck me, haha," Mickey says, awkwardly squirming his body towards him and looking up into his bright blue eyes. "I'm going limp."

Riku pumps like he's trying to say something, like he means something. He isn't and he doesn't, but he makes it a point to try and seem like it? Eventually he swells the end of the condom with his pearly white manfluid, each stroke intensifying the bulge with a threat to tear through the thin material made of sheepskin.

Mickey doesn't cum but despite this he's happy to be apart of the experience.

"Hah!" Riku gasps, his trembling arms barely holding him above Mickey. "You like that?"

"Haha," Mickey sighs, looking into his bright blue eyes. "I loved it!"

Riku removes the prophylactic from his softening dingus and tosses it

into the bin next to the nightstand before collapsing, liberally wiping himself down with the tissues to follow. He huffs a bit before finding Mickey's limber arms wrapping around his neck. He blushes for a second before returning the favor, wrapping his arms around the mouse's body.

"I love you," he whispers.

"I love you, too," he whispers back. "Haha."

Mickey tries not to think about this as he mindlessly pushes the cart down the isle. His eyes occasionally drift back to Riku, boyishly tagging along a few feet behind him, dragging his feet, looking bored.

"You know, you could pretend you were interested," Mickey says, casually rolling his eyes.

"I dunno, Mickey," Riku replies, chewing on his cheek. "I don't think they sell lampshades on their own. I think if you want a new lampshade, you have to like. You know. Buy a new lamp."

"You won't find out if you don't try! Haha."

"Look!" Riku says, gesturing at the lamps. "You gotta buy a new lamp if you want a lampshade. A lampshade isn't something you can just buy at a dollar store."

"Then we'll get a new lamp!" Mickey says gleefully, picking a simple design off the shelf and setting it next to a twelve pack of seltzer water.

"Seems like a waste," Riku replies, pessimistically. "A whole new lamp just for a lampshade."

Mickey stops the cart and turns around, grabbing Riku's hand in his own. "If one lamp breaks, we'll have another to fall back on. Nothing's a waste when you have a source of life, haha."

"Mickey," Riku says smiling, looking down into his eyes. "Darkness has its place."

"Of course it does," Mickey winks nonchalantly. "Why do you think I'm dating you?"

Riku blushes and laughs. "Just wait until I get you home!"

End  
file.